

A woman with long brown hair, smiling, wearing a red lace bikini. She is posing with her hands near her chest. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

ANYA AURELIE

Complete series, #1-3

UNPROTECTED WITH HIS BEST FRIENDS

First time, fertile, forbidden, older man younger woman

Unprotected With His Best Friends, #1

Unprotected With His Best Friends, #2

Unprotected With His Best Friends, #3

Unprotected With My Dad's Best Friends

***The complete series — three stories in
one!***

**(Virgin, fertile, forbidden, older man younger
woman)**

**By
Anya Aurelie**

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Unprotected With My Dad's Best Friend, #1

I leaned in toward Shawn as he poured our drinks, squeezing my breasts together to emphasize my cleavage. He glanced over and looked down my shirt, and I felt a giddy thrill at his gaze. Would tonight finally be the night I'd lose my virginity?

But a moment later he'd returned to pouring cheap tequila into the red plastic Solo cups, then topping it with the margarita mix I hated so much.

"Here you go, Amber, Shawn's famous margaritas," he said cockily, handing me a cup, and I pretended like he'd actually put in some effort.

"Mmm, delicious," I moaned, licking my lips in what I hoped was a seductive way, a way that would get him thinking about what else I could do with those lips. I was so horny in those days I would've fucked almost anyone who would have me, I just wanted to know what it was like to get filled up. The margarita was syrupy-sweet, fake tasting, and not cold enough, but I'd be damned if I wouldn't force it down my throat and pretend I loved every drop.

Just like I wanted to force Shawn's cock down my throat, and take in every drop of his cum. I wanted him to spread me open and pop my tight cherry so badly I felt almost feverish. I would've done anything to make him want me. And if getting it meant putting up with his lame attempts at bartending, so be it.

But Shawn didn't seem to be getting the hint about what I wanted from him.

The lights went out then and colored lights appeared in their place, bouncing around the room. “Dance party!” someone screamed.

While bodies began gyrating around me, I closed my eyes for a split second. An image of Dad’s three best buddies popped into my mind, shirtless and drinking from these same plastic cups last summer when we’d gone out on a party boat on the lake. They were over twice my age, and I couldn’t quite put my finger on why I’d flashed on that image, other than drinking from the same cup.

But these cups were everywhere. Surely there was more to it.

That day had stuck in my mind for some reason, and if I was honest with myself I’d flashed on it several times since then — even sometimes when I was masturbating. Growing up, my dad’s friends had been just that, but that day on the lake I saw them as men for the first time, muscular and strong and powerful...and it was clear they noticed my curves for the first time too. I’d seen the outline of their cocks when they’d come out of the water with their swim trunks clinging to their bodies, and my nipples had hardened as their eyes washed over my bikini-clad body.

I made myself open my eyes. There was no point thinking about that — those men were off-limits. First of all, they were way too old for me, and even if they weren’t, they were my dad’s friends, people who had known me since I was little. I still lived with my dad even though I was in my second year of college, so fantasizing about these men was all the more forbidden.

In front of me, Shawn danced drunkenly, the cup flailing with him and threatening to spill vile green liquid onto the already-sticky tile floor. For now, I told myself, I would have to be satisfied with boys like this, nineteen-year-olds like me who didn't know what they were doing. One day I'd be able to move on to men, real men like my dad's friends, but only when I myself was a real, experienced woman dating guys my own age.

I moved toward Shawn until my body was against his, my breasts pressing into his chest, my pussy aching for his cock. I didn't think I could be any more obvious.

"Whoa, what are you doing?" he slurred, jerking away from me. The margarita sloshed up and over the rim of the cup and splattered on the floor behind him. Several other people around us looked over, and I felt my face heat up.

"I'm — I'm sorry," I stammered, not sure what else to say. I remembered my dad's friend, Nate, telling me that day on the boat, "You've grown into a beautiful young woman. Any guy would be lucky to have you." The look in his eyes had told me he hadn't just meant my personality, and a different kind of heat had filled my body.

But he'd been wrong. I turned and fled the kitchen, putting many dancing college students between me and Shawn, trying to flee my embarrassment.

I literally couldn't give my virginity away.

I tried not to cry, tried to enjoy the party still. *It's not the end of the world*, I told myself. I didn't even like Shawn that much — but weren't teenage guys supposed to be the horny ones? Weren't they the ones who were supposed to be

willing to fuck anyone who offered? I was pretty enough, wasn't I? I had perky breasts, a flat stomach, long legs.

I danced with a few other guys, but my heart wasn't in it. I couldn't get over the sting of rejection, couldn't stop thinking of how Nate and my dad's other two friends, Jamie and Chris, had made me feel sexy that day — and naughty for liking it — but that they were the only ones. Guys my age just weren't into me.

And to be honest, I really wasn't into them either. But *fuck* — why was it so hard to get laid?!

Half an hour later, I was still miserable. I went back to the kitchen to pour out the warm remains of my drink and exchange it for some much-needed water, but halfway to the sink I froze. A girl I recognized from my Intro Psych class was sitting on one of the wooden dining room chairs. Shawn was on top of her, sucking her face and pushing her skirt up her leg. From the force with which he pressed his body into her, it looked like he was trying to fuck her right there in the kitchen.

My heart fell. I quickly set my plastic cup down on the table next to me, turned around, and walked out the front door. Outside, the air was warm and still, and I stood there a moment, adjusting to the silence after leaving the raging party indoors.

I was crushed. I was so fucking horny, and all I wanted was for someone to take my virginity, pop me open and fuck me silly. Was that really so much to ask? I headed toward my car, tears starting to blur my vision. *Don't cry*, I told myself. *He's not worth it*. But I couldn't help it. It was already happening.

I was glad I'd only had one margarita — I was fine to drive, legally, and I wanted to get the hell out of there as quickly as possible. I only lived a ten-minute drive home, but it was excruciating. I just wanted to curl up in my own bed, get naked, and go to sleep.

As I drove, one hand wandered down between my legs and up my skirt. I felt the silky warmth of my underwear and rubbed the thin strip of fabric separating my fingers from my pussy. Without meaning to, I imagined my dad's friends' fingers rubbing me there. In my imagination the tips of their fingers were rough and firm, yet gentle.

I knew I shouldn't allow myself to think about them, but... it was better than thinking about Shawn, wasn't it? Who even knew anymore. I wondered how many pussies Nate, Jamie, and Chris had slid into in their lifetimes, how experienced they were. I had a feeling they'd had their share of excitement and really knew how to please a woman. For some reason, the thought of them fucking lots of women turned me on even more.

By the time I pulled up at home, my pussy was nice and wet, and the tears were starting to dry on my cheeks. Who needed Shawn, anyway? More than anything, it was more the humiliation of being rejected that upset me, only to see him making out with someone else. I couldn't wait to get inside and rub my clit, further forget about this silly college boy who made shitty margaritas. I promised myself I'd find someone else to think about other than the strong older men I was trying to push out of my mind.

But I still felt fragile as I eased my car into the garage and pulled my keys out of the ignition, grateful that my dad's truck was gone. He and Jamie had gone out tonight to some bar, I remembered vaguely. Or was it to hear music?

Now that I was old enough to sometimes spend time at the same types of places as my dad, I tried not to pay too much attention to where he went. It embarrassed me.

I fumbled to put my key in the lock, then pushed into the living room. Dad had left the light on, so I almost didn't realize that a light down the hall was also on — his bedroom light. I started down the hallway toward my own bedroom, then noticed his light. He never left the lights on when he wasn't home, and was always getting on my case about driving up the electricity bill when I did it.

Going past my bedroom, I went to his doorway to turn the light off — and stopped short. Jamie, dad's friend, was standing in my father's closet flipping through shirts, wearing only tight underwear that left little to the imagination as I looked at him in profile. For a split second, my eyes drifted over his broad, muscular chest, so different from Shawn's — or from any boy I knew, for that matter — and then down to his rounded ass in back and surprisingly large bulge in front. I felt myself grow wetter.

Jamie glanced up and saw me then. "Amber!" he said. "I didn't know you were home."

"I just got back," I said. "What are you doing? Where's Dad?"

"He's out grabbing some beer," Jamie said. "And if we're honest, I think he's also fighting with Marion about something."

Marion was my mother. For as long as I could remember, my parents hadn't gotten along, and while other divorced parents had learned how to make it work after fifteen years, my parents still couldn't seem to get past their differences.

“Ah,” I said. “That could take hours.”

“Tell me about it.” Jamie rolled his eyes at me, and I smiled.

“So, um...”

“Oh, right,” he said, as though suddenly remembering that he was standing in front of me mostly naked. “While Roger’s out, he told me to look through his closet and find something to wear to the show tonight.”

“I take it you came over naked?” I joked, but just saying the word “naked” sent an electric jolt down to my clit.

“Nah, just still wearing my clothes from work.”

I sat down gingerly on the edge of my dad’s bed and peered at Jamie. “Are most men like you all?” I asked. “I thought that was a girl thing, to go through each other’s closets and share clothes.” I was stalling, not wanting to leave the room, not wanting to leave this mostly naked hunk of man standing in front of me.

He laughed, pulling a shirt out of the closet. “Yes, we’re giving each other pedicures later, if that’s what you’re asking,” he deadpanned. “What do you think about this shirt?”

“I think you look better without a shirt,” I said, then clapped a hand over my mouth. The words had come out before I’d even realized I’d formed them in my mind. I looked up at Jamie, horrified.

But he was smiling down at me with an expression I didn't quite recognize on his face, something in between desire and amusement. "You're right, this would look awful on me," he said, pretending to interpret my comment in a nonsexual way.

Then he looked closer at my face. "Amber, are you okay? You look like you've been crying."

I waved the suggestion away with one hand and sighed. "It's just been a...hard night," I said.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Jamie's tone was soft and caring, even as his body in front of me was hard and firm, reminding me of a huge slab of steak.

"Not really," I said, then told him anyway. "I was at a party. I was hitting on this guy. And he rejected me. But then I saw him making out with this other girl. He was, like, all over her." I sniffed, trying not to start crying again.

"Oh, Amber," he said sympathetically, and sat down next to me on the bed. I could feel the heat coming off his body, and it made my nipples harden and my clit strain inside my panties. I remembered how sexy he'd made me feel that day on the boat, and I wanted a little of that feeling back.

"And he's probably fucking her right now," I continued. "And meanwhile, I can't seem to get a guy interested to save my life."

Jamie took my hand as though it were the most natural thing in the world, but I felt as though the heat from his fingers would sear through me. My entire focus was in that hand, that spot where he touched me, but I tried to act normal, tried to pretend I hardly noticed.

“I’m sure there are plenty of guys interested in you,” he said. “It was just this one time, right? You’ve gotten guys in the past.”

I looked at him, surprised. “No, I haven’t,” I said. “It’s every time.” I knew I should stop there, knew that my father’s best friend was not the right person to confide in, knew that this was crossing a line already. But Jamie’s comforting voice was so soothing to me, and his hand on mine felt so good, so affirming. Not to mention, his naked man-flesh was mesmerizing.

So I continued. “No one wants me. I’m nineteen, in my second year of college, and I’ve been trying to lose my virginity for a year and a half.”

Jamie looked shocked. “You’re...a virgin?” he asked.

I nodded miserably. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw something stir. Wearing only underwear, it was impossible for him to hide it: his cock was responding to me.

I stared at him, my turn to be shocked now. “Are you getting hard?” I asked. Oh god, this was crossing so many lines.

He looked embarrassed. “It’s pretty fucking sexy that you’re a virgin,” he admitted.

“It is?” It had never felt sexy to me.

“Sure it is,” he said. “Of course.” His cock grew more. I saw it pulsing inside his underwear. Jamie adjusted himself, trying to hide his erection, but sitting there in only his underwear, it was impossible.

He groaned. "I can't believe I'm admitting to Roger's daughter how hot she is!" he said, addressing the ceiling.

"You think I'm hot?" I asked, smiling now. My heart was beating faster. This night was turning around now. Jamie thought I was hot!

"Are you kidding me?!" he said, looking at me now as though I were crazy. "You're *smoking*. If you weren't Roger's daughter, if I'd just met you in a bar, I'd have asked you out in an instant. And if you'd let me, I'd have been inside your pants quicker than you could say 'fuck me.'"

I stared at his lips and swallowed hard at the words "fuck me." I wanted to say those words to him so badly I could hardly stand it. I felt them deep inside my lungs, trying to get out, but I stifled them. It was so wrong. So wrong.

Trying to steady my breath and my fluttering heart, I whispered, "If I'd met you in a bar and you'd asked me out, I'd have said yes. And I'd have let you..." I hesitated, "fuck me."

My pussy was throbbing like crazy. My whole body felt on alert, my breathing was shallow. Jamie was so still that I wondered what he was thinking, was sure he was about to pull away.

But then he reached over and touched the side of my face. He traced his fingers down my neck, and I shivered at his light touch, my nipples straining to attention, begging for his touch.

Without overthinking it, without even really meaning to, I reached out one hand and closed it over his raging erection.

I felt the warmth and hardness of it through his underwear, and felt, more than heard, him gasp at my touch. I was shocked at how hard he was, and in that instant I wanted nothing more than to feel that hardness inside of me, stretching me wide open around it.

I was so horny it hurt. Jamie seemed to unfreeze at my touch, and he pushed me down onto the bed and climbed on top of me. I felt the weight of his body pressing into mine, and my heart pounded even faster now.

Then his mouth was on mine, warm and wet, this man twice my age who was such good friends with my dad. *I should stop this*, I thought, but I knew even as I thought it that it was useless. There was no way I'd stop this. It felt too good. I wanted it too badly.

Jamie traced down my skin from my neck to my breast, grabbing it in his huge hand and squeezing. I moaned in pleasure and arched my back up into his hand. Through my bra, I felt him pinch my nipple, and I let out another moan, higher pitched this time.

And then his actions got more decisive, more dominant. My pussy begged to be pounded, and I knew then, with sudden certainty, that my dad's friend was going to take my virginity. He reached down roughly and put a hand on my bare leg below my skirt, then pushed his hand up my inner thigh, spreading my legs open.

I let him maneuver my body, let him take control, and when a moment later I felt his fingers at the edge of my panties, right up against my outer labia, I could hardly breathe in anticipation of what was coming next.

And then it happened: Jamie's finger slid below the line of my panties and into my juicy wetness. I felt like all the blood in my body was rushing to that spot, and I heard his breath catch as he realized just how slick I was.

"Amber, is this okay?" he asked.

"Fuck me," I whispered back.

My clit strained and pulsed beneath his finger, and I knew even before he'd pulled his hand back out of my panties that it was covered in my juices.

"I've never felt someone so wet," he whispered in awe, and I thought again of all the many pussies he'd probably been inside in his life. Had there been other virgins? Was I just a notch on his bedpost to him? I found that I didn't care, that it turned me on, even, to think of him fucking other women.

Jamie slid my panties down my legs, and I lay there and let him, putty in his hands. "My dad won't catch us, will he?" I asked, as though Jamie could know.

"No," he said. "I don't think so. He left only a minute or two before you got here."

I reached out to stroke his hot, firm chest, and was surprised at how alive he felt beneath my fingers, how even his stilled muscles felt like energy. As he pulled my panties off my feet, I felt the cool air touch my bare, damp skin.

Jamie descended on my mouth, his tongue sliding inside of mine and his lips touching mine. Our tongues caressed each other slowly, and then his fingers made their way back to my inner thigh, back to my warm, soft pussy. He reached

between my pussy lips and I wanted him so much I could hardly breathe, could only wait for what was next.

He pushed one finger slowly inside of me, and I felt my walls slide apart to accommodate him. His finger touched the thin skin of my hymen and stopped, and then he'd pulled out of me again.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked.

"Yes," I breathed. "I want you." I wanted him so much. I knew with a sudden force that I'd wanted him since that day on the boat, wanted all of my dad's friends, so much older and wiser than me or than any of the boys I knew. So much stronger, more in control. So dominant and commanding.

"You want me to pop your virgin cherry open with my cock?" he asked, and I felt another wave of moisture in my cunt as the phrase hit me. I smiled.

"Yes."

But he didn't do it, not yet. Instead, he tortured me by pulling away from me, and my whole body seemed to sigh with his absence. "Where are you going?" I moaned. He was sitting up, moving down toward my feet.

But then he leaned back into me, pushing my skirt the rest of the way up my thighs and letting his face descend toward my center. I felt his hot breath on my pussy before he reached me, and a moment later the most delicious feeling. He was licking my pussy, slowly up and down, his rough tongue dragging along the surface of my skin and inciting every nerve ending.

My entire concentration was on my pussy, and I felt like I could've exploded already. Jamie rolled his tongue around on my clit, making tiny circles that swept inward toward the center point of it. Then he flattened his tongue and dragged it all the way down to my tight hole, and pushed his tongue inside of it, as far as he could go.

I wanted more, I wanted farther, I wanted all of him. I wanted to be filled.

"I can't believe how wet you are," he told me, looking up at me from where he rested on his elbows between my legs. He reached out and touched the inflamed skin, his touch feeling like fire and water at the same time, catching me ablaze and being the only thing that put out the flame. I needed more.

When Jamie returned his tongue to my clit, I knew I was about to come. He seemed to sense it too, and pulled back, teasing me. I felt like we were back out on the water again, the boat whipping from side to side in the wind, except that all that wind and water, all the tension between the elements, was inside of me.

He grinned up at my tortured face. "Please," I whispered.

He pulled me to a sitting position and yanked my shirt off over my head, reaching behind me to pop the clasp of my bra as though he'd done this a thousand times before. And maybe he had. I loved the expert way he touched me. Then he helped me wiggle out of my skirt and I lay there naked in front of him as he stared down at my tight, young body.

He looked me up and down, taking me in. He pulled off his own underwear in a single movement. And he brought his firm, substantial body back up to mine and lay on top of

me. I sighed with relief at the weight of him, the burning heat in his skin. The knowledgeable, experienced older man.

And then, finally, he aligned the tip of his cock with my opening, and began to push.

At first I didn't think he could possibly fit inside of me. It felt like a wall of flesh trying to penetrate my tight cunt, and my pussy just didn't open up wide enough to accommodate him.

But then, slowly, he found the right spot, and he eased into me, millimeter after millimeter, until he caught on the thin, protective layer of skin just inside my pussy.

Jamie looked at me, as though doubtful of what we were doing.

"Pop my cherry," I told him, certain of what I wanted. Finally, someone wanted to fuck me. Finally, someone wanted to pop me open and fill me with his huge cock.

And he pushed. My dad's friend pushed inside my tight cunt, and after a moment I felt the pop as he entered me fully. It didn't hurt, it just felt odd, like something giving way, and the moment it had broken he slid all the way in.

Jamie paused, his cock filling me fully, and I felt him deep inside of me. It was a strange feeling, having someone else in my body, and we rested there for a moment, adjusting to our new reality. My clit throbbed.

Then he pulled out, lifting his bulk up and off my chest, and thrust back in. This time he slid in unimpeded, and I opened my legs up wider to him. Fuck, he felt so good. He

reached down and grabbed my breasts like they were his, and I let him, loving it.

Jamie rubbed the soft skin of my breasts and then ran his palm over the hard nub of my nipples, back and forth over both of the mounds and the valley in between. Meanwhile, he thrust faster and faster into my hole, stretching me open further and further with every thrust. I loved the feeling of it, and I clenched my pussy around him, squeezing his cock hard.

He moaned when I squeezed, and I began pulsing my squeezes to time with his thrusts. He began going deeper, and I started to hear the slap of his balls against me when he penetrated me fully. I felt stretched so wide it seemed impossible, yet there seemed to be an endless amount of juice to lubricate his cock.

I reached around his body and squeezed Jamie's firm ass, muscular like the rest of him. "Your cock feels so good," I whispered, and he kissed me as he continued to fuck my tight hole.

"Your young, virgin pussy feels so good," he panted back. "I can't believe I get to take your virginity and fill you up for the first time."

"I love it."

I let my hand roam up to his chest again, pinching his nipple as he thrust into me and rubbing his hard pecs. With every thrust, in addition to his balls slapping against my ass, I felt his skin rub my clit, which was only getting more and more sensitive by the moment.

I knew I was going to go over the falls soon. Jamie was so hard it seemed almost impossible, and so huge I wondered if I'd been misinformed about cocks my whole life. No, I decided, he really was huge.

My breath got shallower and shorter as all my attention narrowed to focus on my clit, on the stretched-out, full feeling in my pussy.

"I think I'm going to come," I gasped, and at that moment I heard a car pull into the garage. After so many years in this house, I knew the sound well, even though it was quiet. To me it was so obvious I wondered how Jamie couldn't have heard when I arrived, but I supposed to wasn't attuned to the sound the way I was.

"My dad's home," I panted as the first waves of orgasm began throbbing throughout my body, unstoppable now. I couldn't hold back, couldn't do anything but let the orgasm hit me, wave after wave of pleasure as Jamie continued thrusting inside of me.

He groaned, and at first I thought it was because of what I'd said about my dad being back. Then I realized that his cock was stiffer and harder than it had been yet, and a moment later he began throbbing inside of my pussy as my pussy throbbed around it.

"I'm coming too," he moaned. "I'm filling up your virgin pussy with my cum."

"Don't pull out," I begged. It felt too good. In that moment, I cared about nothing but getting filled with his cum — not Shawn, not my dad walking in on us, not anything.

He made a whimpering sound like he was powerless in the face of his desire and his orgasm, and like perhaps he couldn't have pulled out even if he'd wanted to.

"Fuck," he groaned in pleasure, and I felt the throbbing inside of me start to subside, knowing that he didn't have much more cum to give. It was all deep inside of my unprotected pussy.

My cunt spasmed hard, and I was out of breath as my own waves of pleasure began to slow and wane.

We heard the key in the lock at the same time, and both started to attention. "Shit!" I whispered urgently, and he pulled out and jumped off of me in an instant. Jamie was throwing my clothes inside Dad's closet and pulling on his underwear at the same time.

I started to run toward the bedroom door, but Jamie grabbed me. "He'll see you!" he whispered, and nodded toward the closet. I ran to the tiny closet and wedged myself inside, naked, as Jamie grabbed out a shirt and pair of pants at random and started pulling them on, pushing the closet door shut. It stayed a few inches open, but it was dark enough inside that I knew my dad wouldn't see me unless he opened the closet door himself.

"Jamie? You still in here?" my dad's voice rang out through the house, and I heard his footsteps as he paused in the bedroom door. "You're still trying on clothes?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yeah," Jamie said sheepishly. I peeked out at them, and could only see the side of Jamie's body. My father was out of view.

Fuck. My panties were still out there in the open! If my dad looked down, he'd see them! What would Jamie say? Would my dad know they were mine? My heart pounded in fear.

Luckily, Jamie seemed to notice them at the same time I did, and I saw him stealthily reach out with one foot and push the panties under the bed as he distracted my dad by saying, "I've finally decided, though. This is a great shirt! Hey, where's that beer?"

"Out in the living room. Get your ass dressed and come on out. We'll have one, but then we need to get going. Sorry it took me so long. You know how Marion can be."

"No problem," Jamie said, buttoning the shirt and following my dad out of the room. He gave me one quick backward glance as he walked out, and I saw him wink in my general direction.

I sighed in relief, waiting a moment before creeping out of my hiding spot and gathering my panties from under the bed. I was able to dash into my own bedroom, naked, and get dressed again before I heard my dad ask, "Is Amber here? I saw her car."

I'd go out and greet him, but first I needed a moment to myself. I stood in the bedroom, alone, and felt Jamie's cum drip out of my pussy into my panties. I smiled to myself. I'd lost my virginity. It felt amazing. And getting fucked by one of my dad's best friends, a cool older man who knew how to treat a woman, was the best possible way to lose it.

I knew I wouldn't regret this, but that I'd look back on it for years to come, probably masturbating vigorously at the memory. As I pulled open my bedroom door to go greet my

dad, pretending I was in my bedroom the whole time, a surprising thought flitted through my mind: *One down, two to go.*

What? I tried to push the thought away. No way. I couldn't sleep with my dad's other friends. This was a one-time thing, one man only.

And yet...maybe there was no harm in fantasizing. They sure were sexy. And I bet they'd know what to do with me, just like Jamie had.

Unprotected With My Dad's Best Friend, #2

The bathroom windows in the house next door were starting to fog up, but I could still see clearly when the naked figure of one of my dad's best friends, Nate, came into view.

My heart beat faster when I saw him and realized that he was naked. He stood with his back to me, and I took in the view like an addict. Nate was gorgeous, tanned and manly, and I'd been trying to hide my attraction to him and my dad's other best friends for over a year now. I hadn't always succeeded, I had to admit, thinking back on two weeks earlier, when Dad's friend Jamie had popped my tight cherry in Dad's bed while he was out getting beer and arguing on the phone with my mom.

If anything, Nate was even more attractive than Jamie. I could see his tight ass in front of the window, and he seemed oblivious to the fact that the blinds were open.

Or was he?

Nate turned toward the sink then, and I gasped when I saw him in profile. From this view, it was obvious that his cock was hard and straining, and I felt a stirring between my legs as I looked on. I reached down and put an experimental finger inside my panties, feeling between my delicate pussy lips. Yes, I was very wet.

I couldn't stop thinking about losing my virginity to Jamie....and now that I'd had one of Dad's best friends inside of me, I couldn't stop imagining how the other two, Nate and Chris, would feel. I couldn't stop touching myself, feeling

how slick and wet the memory made me, how instantly horny I became when my mind turned to Jamie or the others.

It was like a dam had been broken — I'd been keeping my lust for them mostly at bay, but now that I'd fucked one of them, I knew that they were all a real possibility, more than just a crazy fantasy. I tried hard to think of other things when I rubbed myself, guys from my college, actors from my favorite shows, male porn stars...but the harder I tried to put my dad's friends out of my mind, the more intense my desire for them became.

I loved how much older and wiser they were, how experienced. Jamie had known how to please me in a way that I knew a guy my age, nineteen, never could. His cock had done things to me that I didn't know possible. With him, my first time was more than just a fumbling, awkward experience. It was fantastic. It had brought me to delirious peaks of pleasure that I had never dreamed of.

But I didn't dare try to repeat the experience. It was too risky. If my dad found out, I didn't know what he'd do — but I wouldn't have put it past him to kick me out of the house and stop speaking to Jamie, despite all their long years of their friendship.

So I tried to put Dad's friends out of my mind....mostly.

I couldn't help but spy, though. After all, Nate was so close, his house only yards from ours, and every time I saw him through the windows I couldn't help but look. This was the first time I'd caught him naked, though, and I couldn't have pried my eyes away if my dad, all my professors, and my childhood principal had walked in and demanded that I do so.

As I watched, Nate took his cock into his hand, and began slowly stroking up and down it. Then he grabbed his balls and squeezed for a moment before returning to his cock. I wondered what he was thinking about. I stared in rapt attention as he began lazily jerking himself, my breath growing shallow.

I couldn't believe my luck. I imagined myself kneeling in front of Nate in that bathroom, taking his cock into my mouth. Afterward he'd turn me around and press my naked body up against the sink, plunging inside of me from behind. His cock was huge, I could see, and I knew he'd fill me up fully and stretch me wide open around it.

To my dismay, Nate stepped into the shower then, and was gone from view. Just knowing what he was doing at exactly that moment, though, was enough to almost send me over the edge. Moving away from the window, I collapsed onto my bed and pushed my hand inside my panties, shoving two fingers deep into my tight, hot cunt.

I spread my legs wide open and imagined that it was Nate who was pushing inside of me. Within a couple of minutes, my hand was soaked with my juices, and I was completely lost in the moment. A minute more, and the imaginary Nate was beginning to pour his cum deep into my pussy, throbbing and filling me with it, and my clit began to throb too.

I was breathing hard, and my orgasm was incapacitating. It felt like my whole body was throbbing. I could feel my pussy squeezing down on my fingers, clenching and unclenching around them, and I wondered if Nate was coming too at exactly that same moment, yards away in his own house.

I wanted to know so badly what he looked like when he came. But I would have to content myself with my own imagination. I knew one thing, though: In the next few days and weeks, the amount of time I spent at that window, hoping to catch another glimpse of Nate naked, would increase exponentially. I wondered if I'd ever be so lucky again.

The next morning, I lay in bed, barely conscious in the early-morning light. A sound had woken me up, but I didn't know what it was. In my half-asleep confusion, I listened.

There it was again: knocking.

"Amber?" my dad's voice called through the door.

Ugh. "Dad, what? I'm *sleeping!*" I called back in irritation.

"Time to get up! Want to go for a run?"

I groaned and threw a pillow at the door. I was not a morning person. "No!" I said. "You know I hate running, and it's way too early to get up."

"It's seven-thirty," he said. "I'm heading out for a run before work. If you don't want to go, I'll ask Nate, but I thought it might be fun."

"No. That sounds awful." I rolled over and faced the wall, where it was darker. I hoped I'd be able to get back to sleep. I didn't have class until eleven, and there was no way I was

getting up now. Why couldn't he just let me make my own decisions?

"Suit yourself," Dad said, and I sighed in relief when I heard his footsteps receding.

But I couldn't get back to sleep. I lay in bed trying not to think about Nate getting all sweaty out there, running around the neighborhood with my dad. I wondered whether I'd catch him showering afterward, and the thought filled me with hope.

By the time Dad came home from his run, I'd given up on getting back to sleep. I pulled myself out of bed and peeked through the window toward Nate's house, hearing the shower turn on in the room next to me. Nate was nowhere to be seen, though. Disappointed, I waited until I heard the shower stop, and a few minutes later Dad's voice called out, "Bye, Amber! Heading to work!"

"Bye," I called back. I lazily stripped off my pajamas and stood in my bedroom naked, trying to decide whether to masturbate before heading into the shower. If I'd caught a glimpse of Nate, even fully clothed, that would've tipped the scales, but I decided just to go straight to the shower.

Fully naked and still half asleep, I walked down the hall and pushed open the bathroom door — and stopped, startled.

Nate was standing in the bathroom, also completely naked and reaching for the shower knob. His godlike body was on full display in front of me, just like I'd seen from the window the day before...just like I'd seen in my fantasies over and over again.

“Oh! I — I’m so sorry,” I said quickly. “I didn’t know you were here.” I started backing out of the room, but couldn’t take my eyes off his body.

Nate straightened up and stared right at me, his eyes taking in my own nakedness. “Amber,” he said, his voice catching in his throat. He looked like he was trying to force himself to look away, but was having the same trouble I was with actually making his eyes comply.

I peered at him, freezing in place now. “So what *are* you doing here?” I asked. Yes, maybe I was stalling. Maybe I wanted another moment in his presence. From the look on his face, he didn’t mind seeing me naked too much either.

“I’m having some plumbing problems,” he said. “The plumber’s coming over later, but in the meantime Roger told me I could shower over here.” He looked flushed, and I wasn’t sure whether it was left over from the run or from being in the presence of his best friend’s naked nineteen-year-old daughter. “I’m sorry, I wasn’t trying to...I didn’t know you were here either.”

“That’s okay,” I said, laughing. “It’s not like the door was open.” So why couldn’t I walk back out? Why couldn’t I force my legs to move me away from there, give him the privacy he deserved to take his shower?

Without meaning to, I glanced down at his cock. It was starting to harden in front of me, and I couldn’t help but stare. I glanced back up at his face and felt his eyes searing into me. He was attracted to me. He was getting hard just looking at me.

And so instead of turning and walking back out the bathroom door, I stepped forward, toward him.

“What are you doing?” he asked, but his voice was husky and low.

“It’s so big,” I whispered, watching it inflate more and more right before my eyes.

Nate looked conflicted, the desire swirling on his face with something something darker, the knowledge that this was so wrong, that if we were caught my dad would never forgive either of us.

He sucked in a breath and reached out a tentative hand toward my breast. His fingers were shaking, and I could tell he was having the exact same dilemma I was. We were alone in the house, with nothing and no one to stop us from doing exactly what we wanted to do to each other.

Nate’s fingers closed around my breast, then pulled back and stroked my nipple in tiny movements. He pinched it into a point, and I felt blood pulsing toward my clit, felt my nipples hardening at his touch. “You’re so fucking hot,” he breathed. “How could Roger leave me alone in this house with you?”

My heart beat faster, and I smiled up at him. He was almost a foot taller than I was, and probably twice as heavy, full of muscle. His cock was fully erect now, thick and long. I stared at it in awe, wanting nothing more than to feel its warmth in my hand, and in my mouth. In my pussy.

“We shouldn’t,” he groaned, as if reading my thoughts, but as he said it he closed the space between our bodies and pressed his bulk up against me. I could smell his sweat from the run, could feel his warm muscles against my chest.

My breasts bore into his body, pushing into his skin with my nipples.

Nate's hand reached for me again, stroking my side and then down to grab my ass. His fingers sent shivers through my body. His cock was pressing into my stomach, but I didn't dare touch it. Slowly, as though it didn't count if he moved only incrementally, inch by inch, he moved his hand between my legs. My breath got shallow as I felt him getting closer and closer to my clit, to my hole.

I shifted a fraction of an inch toward him, and his finger was on my slick clit. I knew I was wet even before he moaned, "Wow."

And then I grabbed his cock, pulling away from him just far enough to fit my hand between our bodies. I wrapped my whole hand around the width of it and squeezed it between my fingers. It was strong and firm, like a muscle itself, and I felt a gush of wetness in my pussy upon touching it.

Nate had thrown his head back in pleasure when I'd touched him, but now he seemed to gather up everything he had and pulled away from me, pulled his cock out of my hand.

"Amber," he said, his voice pained, "we shouldn't. You're Roger's daughter. He's one of my oldest friends. He'd kill me."

"I know," I said. But my fingers crept back toward his cock, and a moment later I was stroking it gently, up and down the length of it. Nate pushed into my hand, fucking it like a pussy, in and out of my fist. His precum lubricated my hand, and I could feel myself throb, wanting him inside of me.

He picked me up then, all of a sudden, and set me down on the countertop next to the sink. I lay back, resting my head and shoulders on the mirror and staring back at him with a grin. He couldn't resist me. That felt good.

Then Nate spread my legs open, and I let him, exposing my naked pussy to him. He knelt down in front of me, and I felt his breath getting nearer and nearer to my skin, until his tongue was on my sensitive nub, licking me and causing me to moan in pleasure and spread my legs wider to him.

He stood up after a minute and pushed first one and then a second finger deep inside of me. I sucked in a breath at the sudden feeling of him spreading my cunt open around his fingers, my eyes opening wide. He grinned at me and massaged my insides, pushing into my G spot and tickling my clit with his thumb at the same time.

Oh fuck, this was so dirty and wrong...and so deliciously sexy.

He pulled out of me then and rubbed the moisture from my pussy onto my breasts, one at a time, lubricating them with the juices and then sliding his thumb and middle finger off my nipple over and over. I felt his fingers popping off my skin and almost came right then, without any further stimulation.

Nate's eyes were dark with desire, and I knew that neither one of us could stop now. I reached out again and grabbed his cock, and he pushed eagerly toward me. Then I doubled over on the counter and leaned into him. I took his cock into my mouth. It was warm and big, and it stretched my lips wide around it. He seemed hesitant, but spellbound.

I could taste the salty precum on my lips, and I opened up as wide as I could, getting his cock nice and wet. I took it deeper and deeper into my mouth, pretending I'd done this plenty of times before, but I don't think he was fooled. He seemed to get even harder when he realized my inexperience, and he helped guide his cock in and out of my mouth.

Nate grabbed my hair by the back of my head and began fucking my face, faster and faster, and I allowed him to use me, loving it. When I glanced up at him as his cock thrust in and out of my mouth, I saw that he was staring down at me, watching himself disappear between my lips. The look on his face was one of concentration mixed with pleasure mixed with helplessness — as though he desperately wanted to quit but couldn't.

I knew the feeling.

As I watched, Nate's eyes shifted and I saw him looking in the mirror above my body. I knew he was staring at my ass in the reflection, and I wiggled it for him. One hand still held my hair, and the other wandered down my body and slapped my ass gently as I sucked on him.

He was so big. I tried to take more of him into my mouth, but couldn't get him any further in. I gagged when I tried, and he pulled out a little to let me breathe.

Then he released himself from my mouth all the way, dripping with my saliva, and I sat up. His eye glinted at mine as he moaned my name again. "Your mouth felt so good," he said.

"My pussy will feel good too," I assured him, and watched the statement roll over his face in a fit of barely controlled

lust.

Nate picked me up as though I were weightless and set me on my feet, then guided me to the bathtub. He folded me over it so that I was standing up but leaning down over the tub on my elbows, my ass straight up in the air. He stood behind me and slapped me again, three times on each side. I felt the sting of his hand and jumped each time he struck me, my pussy getting wetter and wetter.

Then, finally, he spread my ass cheeks wide open, and I knew he was staring at my exposed pussy. Keeping me open in front of him, I felt him position something blunt and wet against my tight hole, and then push. His cock slid into my cunt slowly, and even as turned on as I was he barely fit. I felt stretched tight around him, and I took in a sharp breath, trying to relax to let him deeper in.

Sensing my tension, Nate pulled out a little way, then pushed back in more slowly. This time he inched further inside of me. He pulled out again and pushed a third time, and then he was all the way inside of me. This was only the second time I'd been fucked, and I couldn't believe that both times had been with my dad's friends. What kind of a daughter was I?

But there was no time to consider the question, because as soon as Nate was all the way inside my body he began thrusting, holding my hips in place and moving his slick cock in and out of me. I braced myself against the edge of the tub, feeling split apart in the most wonderful way.

"Fuck, you were right, your pussy is amazing," he grunted, and increased the pace.

“I can’t even believe you fit inside of me,” I said, glancing back at him with a wicked smile.

“Never tell your dad,” he said, as he thrust back into me with even more force.

“Never,” I agreed. He began pounding me faster, and then reached around with one hand to squeeze my breast, claiming it, as he thrust. The other hand remained on my hip, bracing me against his movements.

I could hear his balls slapping against me and wished I could see the view he saw, his thick rod disappearing inside of me and reappearing even slicker than before.

I carefully lifted one hand off the tub and reached between my legs. God, my clit was wet. I stroked myself as he fucked me from behind, tracing tight circles over the engorged skin.

Soon, the combination of my fingers and his cock on and in me had me breathing in shallow breaths, gulping at the air, and a moment later I knew I was about to come. I could feel the sensation building inside of me, growing with every breath I took and every thrust Nate made into me, every circle of my finger on my clit.

And then the bubble burst within me and I mewed out my release like a cat, unable to hold back, almost screaming in pleasure. I could feel my pussy clenching his cock, gripping and ungripping around him.

“Come for me, Amber,” he begged, and I only throbbed harder at his words. My dad’s best friend was giving me an orgasm, and it was amazing. I couldn’t imagine a better one, had never given myself a better one on my own or

imagining Nate's cock while staring at him through his window. It may even have been better than the orgasm Jamie had given me two weeks earlier, when he'd popped me open for the first time. Then, I hadn't known what to expect. It had felt amazing, but it had felt so new and different too. This time, I had known more what it would be like, and that allowed me to relax a bit and just enjoy it.

I turned my head and looked back at Nate, stared him in the eyes as the pleasure continued to wrack my body. Then finally, it was over, and he stopped moving with his cock deep inside of me, as though he knew I'd need a moment to catch my breath, as though he knew that my pussy would be way too sensitive for him to keep going for a moment.

I loved how experienced he was. I loved how he could read me and my body unlike any boy my age.

To my surprise, though, rather than waiting for me to recover and then starting back up again, Nate pulled out of me. I stood up, almost dizzy from the orgasm, and looked at him questioningly.

"Lay down," he commanded, and I stretched out on my back on the bathroom rug, glad that I'd remembered to wash it the day before, and stared up at him. I rubbed my tits, unable to resist touching myself in the presence of this beautiful man. Immediately my lust returned. I was shocked, having just come, that I wanted another one so soon, but I did.

Nate straddled me and pushed inside of me, penetrating me much more easily this time around, now that he'd stretched me out. I wrapped my legs around his back and pulled him closer.

“This is so good,” he panted. “I never knew you were such a slut.”

“I didn’t either,” I said. “This is only the second time I’ve had sex. I just lost my virginity two weeks ago.” I omitted the detail that the person I’d lost it to was his friend.

Nate seemed to stiffen further at the revelation that the woman he was fucking was practically a virgin. “Are you kidding me?” he asked, looking like he was straining to hold back from unleashing his cum inside of me.

“Not at all,” I said with a smile. “Don’t I feel tight to you?”

“Very tight,” he said. “I thought it was just because you were young.”

“Probably in part,” I agreed.

Now that he knew just how inexperienced I was, Nate’s whole body seemed to tense. I could tell he wanted to fill me with his cum so badly, and was having a hard time waiting. His cock felt so good inside of me, I never wanted it to end, but I too wanted to be filled.

“Ride me hard,” I whispered, and he pushed all the way into me, grinding his hips into mine in a way that made me feel like I hadn’t had a release in weeks, if not years.

By the time Nate grunted out, “I’m going to come,” I was already about to tip over the falls again myself, and his throbbing cock only intensified my own pleasure.

“I am too,” I whimpered. The orgasm gripped my whole body, and I heard the blood pounding hard in my ears as he began filling me with a river of hot liquid. My cunt tightened

and released around him, and I was shocked at how clearly I felt every throb of his orgasm. His face contorted in pleasure, and I'm sure mine did too.

"Fill me up," I moaned, loving the thought of his cum inside my unprotected pussy, never wanting this moment to end.

He throbbed and shot his cum into me for what felt like ages, seconds after I'd stopped throbbing myself, and I was able to stare at him and soak him in as he filled me. I'd always loved older men, and I couldn't believe I was getting to indulge my fantasy with a second one of my dad's best friends.

Finally, Nate's cock stilled, and he pulled out of me and stood up. Woozy, I tried to stand too and almost fell, panting and trying to catch my breath.

"That was fun," I said with a grin, and he nodded.

"Good thing the shower's right here," he said, and I noticed for the first time that he was drenched in sweat. I wanted to lick it off his body, but instead I stepped into the shower with him and let him soap up my breasts, then quickly washed the rest of his body.

After our shower, Nate's face grew concerned. "Amber, it's really important that no one find out about this," he told me, and I rushed to reassure him.

"I'm never going to tell," I said.

Not only did I desperately need my father never to find out, but a kernel of curiosity was forming inside my brain. I'd fucked two of my dad's best friends. Was it possible to get

the third, Chris, into bed — or bath — too, without any of them being the wiser?

Stop it! I chastised myself, but knew that I'd return to the thought later, when I was alone in bed. Alone in bed and masturbating furiously to the memory of both Jamie and Nate. And the possibility of Chris.

I really was a little slut, I thought with a smile. And I loved it.

—

Keep reading *Unprotected With My Dad's Best Friend* with [part 3](#), available in late March 2015.

Unprotected With My Dad's Best Friend, #3

As I lay in bed, I let my finger drift down between my legs. I was sleeping naked, so my journey was unimpeded, and I reached between my soft pussy lips and coated my finger in my honey-like liquid. I was so wet.

I'd just woken up from a delicious dream, a dream in which my dad's third best friend, Chris, was pumping in and out of me like a sex doll while I stared up at him and let myself be stretched open around his thick cock. I'd been just on the verge of coming when I'd woken up, and I wasn't about to stop now.

I lifted my slick finger to my mouth and licked my juices off of myself. "Mmmm," I moaned to myself, getting my finger even wetter in my mouth before returning to my pussy. My clit was so sensitive, it felt like I'd been touching myself, working myself up into a lather, for hours.

In a sense, I guess I had.

I pushed two fingers inside my warm, soft hole, imagining Chris's cock. Would he be as big and hard as Dad's other two best friends, Nate and Jamie, had been? Would he feel as good inside my tight cunt? Would he take control and use my body until I couldn't help but shatter into a million pieces in orgasm, and then fill me up with spurt after spurt of his cum?

Oh god. As I imagined the sexy scene, my pussy got so wet I could hardly stand it. My whole hand was covered in juice, and the sheet on top of me was getting soaked. I

pushed it off me and lay totally exposed on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

“Chris,” I whispered, fingering myself harder and harder, my middle finger working in tiny movements around the nub of my clit while the other hand still pushed inside of myself. My breath got shallower, and soon I felt the descent of the inevitable orgasm as each movement of my finger caused me to draw in my breath in gasps, working me up further and further toward the point of no return.

“Oh fuck yes,” I moaned, imagining grabbing Chris’s face and kissing him hard, feeling his tongue descend into my mouth as he continued to plunge into me from above. I opened my legs wider to him and pushed deeper inside of myself, as deep as I could go. And then I let myself fall.

The pleasure wracked my body and pulsed throughout my core and my limbs. I could feel it in my fingertips and toes, could feel my face scrunching up in pleasure and my mouth forming a perfect O.

As I started to come down from the orgasm, a thought formed in my mind: I have to have that. I have to have him for real.

I’d been attracted to my dad’s three best friends for a while now, and after losing my virginity to Jamie and experiencing my second time with Nate, Chris was the only one left I hadn’t fucked. I knew I should just put the desire aside. I knew I should try to forget it, move on, find someone my own age to date — or at the very least, someone who hadn’t known my family for so many years.

But I just couldn’t seem to get the idea out of my head. Chris was the only one left who hadn’t been inside of me,

and the idea of it was just too hot to let go. He was older and wiser, and the way he looked at my young, curvy body made me want to give him everything I knew he secretly wanted, let him show me how he could please a woman.

And I could tell just by looking that he knew how to please a woman. Chris was tall and strong, broad-shouldered and confident, with medium-brown hair and a semi-cocky smile that I loved. He looked like a man who knew what women wanted, and as a woman of only nineteen, I didn't myself quite know what I wanted.

I only knew I wanted him.

I was sure that Jamie and Nate would never tell my dad that they'd had sex with me, and they'd never tell each other either. That was the good thing about men like that: They knew how to keep a secret when they needed to. And in this case, they definitely needed to. My dad never would've forgiven them for deflowering his virginal young daughter, but he never would've forgiven me for it either. I'd be out on my ass so fast my head would spin.

So was it worth it? With Jamie and Nate, the answer had been a resounding yes. Every time I thought about the ways they'd stretched my tight pussy wide open around their huge cocks, I could feel myself ache for them all over again. I wanted to feel them inside of me constantly — every day I thought about it, fantasized about it happening again.

But at least with them I knew. Chris was still an unknown, and that made him all the more exciting — how he'd manhandle me, how he'd grab my breasts, how he'd hold my hips as he thrust inside of me.

I got out of bed and threw on some shorts and a tank top. It was Memorial Day weekend, and my dad was having a barbecue at our house. All three of his best friends would be there, and this was the first time I'd see Jamie and Nate together since I'd had sex with them. I knew they were discreet, so I was mostly just excited about spending some time with them, maybe getting to flaunt my curves a bit more in my bikini, out by the pool.

And of course, Chris would be there. Nothing could happen with him, I knew — not with my dad and the others around. I'd invited a few of my friends from college as well, though I didn't know if they would show. My friends were notoriously flaky and noncommittal. I wasn't sure if it was just a nineteen-year-old thing or if it was specific to the people I chose to hang out with, but it bugged me. If I said I would be somewhere, I went.

And so did Dad's friends...so maybe it did have to do with our ages after all. Just one more reason I appreciated these men in their forties.

"Hey, Dad," I said, popping into the kitchen and giving him a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Morning, Amber," he said. He was squeezing limes into a bowl.

"What are you making?" I asked, plopping down into a chair beside him.

"Preparing the marinade for the meat," he said, cutting another lime in half. He glanced over at me then and added critically, "Make sure you put a bra on before everyone gets here."

I rolled my eyes. “Dad,” I said with exaggerated effect, “of course I’ll put a bra on. Not that it’s any of your business.”

Did he suspect anything? He’d never told me to cover myself up before. Probably not, I decided. Maybe he simply recognized that I’d become a woman...just as Nate and Jamie had recognized it too.

I helped him in the kitchen for an hour, chopping veggies and preparing everything to go on the grill, and around noon I went to get ready for our guests to arrive.

“Are you coming?” I texted my friends Nina, Amanda, and Rob. Dad had gone outside to start firing up the grill, and I was getting excited now that the smell of smoke was beginning to waft into the house. Dad had had barbecues like this for years, and they’d always been a highlight for me.

Nina replied right away. “Sorry, went fishing!”

Fishing? I’d never known Nina to fish. Maybe she was dating someone new? I was irritated. Couldn’t she have told me this before today? Couldn’t she have brought her new fishing-enthusiast boyfriend to our house?

But that was better than Amanda and Rob, who never responded at all. I lay in bed staring at my phone for a while and playing games while I waited for them, but half an hour later I gave up and got up to change into my bikini with a sigh.

Totally unreliable. Sometimes I really hated being nineteen. When would my friends grow up and learn to commit to things?

I pulled my tank top over my head and stared at my small but perky breasts in the mirror. My nipples stood at attention and the perfect rounded mounds held themselves up effortlessly. My stomach was flat and smooth, and I turned to the side to stare at my profile.

I don't mean to sound vain, but I knew I was hot. I'd have sex with myself, I decided, if I were a guy. I knew I wouldn't have this body forever, and I was glad that I took advantage of what I had now, while I still had it. I'd never been embarrassed in a bikini, never hesitated to flaunt what I had, unlike many of my peers.

It wasn't that I had a perfect body, I knew that for sure. It's just that I also knew full well that one day I'd look back on this time in my life, and all the little flaws I saw in my body, and realize that they were nothing. Hardly anyone kept their nineteen-year-old body when they were thirty-five, so why not appreciate it while I could?

I pushed my the stretchy elastic of my shorts down my hips and over my legs, revealing inch after inch of creamy, unblemished skin. Once I was standing fully naked in front of the mirror, I stared at my body, then turned and craned my neck to look at myself from other angles. *Not bad*, I thought. *Not bad*.

The doorbell rang at that moment, but I knew Dad would hear it even out on the back deck, so I let him get it. I took my time getting dressed, pulling on first the tiny bottoms of my black string bikini, then the top, adjusting the triangles over my breasts and tying it together behind my back and at my neck.

Out in the hall, I heard Jamie's laugh and then Nate's voice chiming in in agreement with whatever my dad had

just said. My pussy got wet at just the sound of their voices. I wondered whether Chris was with them or if he'd be coming separately.

Or if, I suddenly realized, he couldn't make it after all.

I realized then just how excited I'd been about seeing him, and felt a wave of disappointment pass through my body at the thought. I pulled my tiny short shorts back on but didn't bother pulling on a shirt over my bikini top. My dad wanted me to wear a bra? How about nothing but?

Their voices and footsteps had passed through the house and out back while I'd gotten dressed, so I went to meet them outside, pulling open the sliding-glass door and seeing the approving looks on both Jamie's and Nate's faces when they saw me.

"Hey, guys!" I said, and went to give them hugs. Jamie was a little stiff, and I knew he must be nervous about being around the girl he'd deflowered along with her dad. I tried to let him know with the casualness of my hug that it was okay.

"Where's Chris?" I asked.

"He had some errands to run," Nate said. "He should be here any minute." I saw him looking me up and down, taking in my scantily clad figure in the string bikini and shorts, and gave him a smile.

I was relieved to hear that Chris was on his way.

"Need any help?" I asked Dad, who shook his head no, so I decided it was time to go in for a swim.

I peeled off my shorts, knowing full well that Jamie's and Nate's eyes were on me. If my own friends couldn't make it, then I'd just make the most of what I had. I slowly slathered coconut-scented sunscreen all over my arms, legs, and cleavage, asking Nate to rub it on my back. His hands felt tentative, nervous, as he touched my skin for the first time since he'd plunged his hard cock inside of me.

Once I was covered in the lotion, I dove into the pool in a perfect arc, and when I popped back up, hair streaming, I realized that one of my breasts had fallen out of its tiny triangle holder.

I also realized that Chris had arrived, just in time to see my naked breast.

I gave him a quick, embarrassed smile, and put my breast back into my clothing. I wasn't actually embarrassed, but I knew I was supposed to play the part. In fact, I was glowing at the way he'd looked at me — and grateful that my dad's back had still been turned, staring at the grill.

"Hi, Chris," I called out, and waved. He nodded at me and greeted my dad, who gestured to a cooler where he could put the beer he'd brought.

"Hope you don't mind I let myself in," he said, taking his shirt off to enjoy the sun. His chest was broad and sexy, muscular with only light wisps of hair. I stared at him, knowing I was being a little too obvious but not caring in the slightest.

"Course not," Dad said. "You're practically family."

I swam for a while longer, enjoying the feeling of the water cooling my breasts and getting between my bikini

bottoms and my pussy. I opened and closed my legs, letting it wash over my clit and wishing I could rub myself without being noticed.

“Almost time to eat,” Dad announced after a while. “Who brought the buns?”

My dad’s friends looked at each other. “Crap,” Chris said. “That was my job, wasn’t it? I’ll run to the store right now. How much time do we have?”

“Oh, no big rush,” my dad said. “I can keep it warm.”

In a sudden burst of inspiration, I said, “I’ll go with you!”

Everyone seemed to look at me for a moment, and I knew they were surprised at my offer. I didn’t care. I wanted some alone time with Chris...and whatever that might lead to. I’d seen how he was looking at me, and I was looking back at him with the same amount of lust or more.

I pulled myself out of the pool and let the water run down my body. Chris stared at me, and I could see him trying to look away. The bulge in his pants stirred, and I swear it grew bigger for a moment. I wrapped the towel around my wet body, grabbed the shorts, and followed him into the house.

“You want to put on some clothes first?” he asked.

“Yeah,” I said, then looked at him coyly. “Will you help me choose?”

I saw the conflicting thoughts on Chris’s face, plain as day, but he followed me to my bedroom. I let the wet towel drop to the floor and didn’t bother putting the shorts on.

After all, they'd only get wet. I could feel his eyes on my bare skin.

"Do you like this?" I asked him, pulling a shirt from the drawer and turning to show him — then stopped short. Chris was obviously hard through his pants, staring at me.

I smiled mischievously. "Chris," I said. "What's that?" I pointed at his erection as though innocently inquiring.

He looked embarrassed, and adjusted his pants to make the bulge less obvious. "I like that shirt," he said quickly. "Go with that one."

"I need your help first," I said. "Untie my bikini?"

I batted my eyes as innocently as I could, then approached him and turned my back to him. I could feel his hesitance, but he reached out and pulled the strings first at my back, and then at my neck, and the fabric fell away from my skin.

Chris's hands remained on my shoulders after they no longer needed to be there, and a thrill went through my body. I turned around slowly and faced him, naked from the waist up.

He looked down at my breasts, no longer bothering to hide his attention. I could see his breathing get heavier as he stared at me. And then, slowly, he reached one shaky hand up to my breast and covered it with his palm.

"Mmm," I breathed, not even meaning to.

He lifted his other hand and covered my other breast, then began rubbing and massaging them. I moved closer to

him, breathing in his scent. God, I wanted this so much. I knew I was almost impossibly wet already, could feel my pussy start to throb at the thought of him deep inside of it.

I moved close enough to him that my hip was pressing lightly into his erection, and he pushed it back into me, then leaned his head down to kiss me. Suddenly, as though realizing what we were doing, he jumped away.

But instead of stopping, he just closed my bedroom door and returned to our position. That was when I knew for sure that I had him.

I was going to fuck my dad's last remaining best friend.

Chris pushed me down on my single bed, the one I'd had since I was little, and his hands began roaming up and down my body. I felt his too, moving my fingers over his taut chest and firm muscles, feeling the muscles in his neck as he kissed me and then moved down to suck on my nipples.

I opened my legs, and he lay on top of me in between them, his erection still raging, pushing into my leg now. Chris took my nipple between his teeth and pulled lightly on it, lifting the skin up, then dropped it so that my breast fell, jiggling, back into place. He moved and did the same to the other side, and I squeezed the muscles in his arms.

Chris licked between my breasts, then down my stomach, and the feeling in my pussy got stronger and stronger. It felt as though my clit were trying to reach out and grab him, like a flower straining toward sunlight.

Chris licked over my bellybutton and around the sides of my stomach, and I shivered. Then he licked along the line of my wet bikini bottoms from one hip to the other, and I knew

the moment was about to come when he'd dip down inside, below the fabric, and between my pussy lips.

But no. He teased me instead, breathing hot air over the damp fabric that I could feel on my open pussy. I wondered whether he could smell my desire — or if he could just smell chlorine and the coconut sunscreen I'd put on.

Then he licked my inner thighs, one side and then the other, starting mid-thigh and working his way up toward the thin fabric between my legs, over it, and down the other side. In that brief moment that his tongue was on the fabric covering my pussy, I almost melted, almost pushed his face down into me, forced him to continue, to dive in deeper and lick me bare until I came on his face.

But somehow, I resisted, and he licked back down to my knee. Then back up again, except that this time, instead of licking over the fabric, his tongue pushed beneath it, and my breath caught in my throat in a gasp when I felt his rough tongue on my most sensitive skin.

Chris was licking my pussy.

I moaned and then shoved a pillow into my face, trying to stay quiet. He pushed my panties aside and licked up and down the length of me, and I lifted my hips toward him, wanting him to take me rougher, deeper, to lick all over me and push his tongue inside my hole.

While my hips were lifted, Chris pulled my damp bikini bottoms down and then off my feet, and I lay there totally naked beneath him, my skin prickling with desire.

He stood up for a moment then, and I moaned again, this time in need, wanting him to return and keep touching me.

But he was just taking off his own shorts and kicking off his flip-flops, and when his body returned to mine, he was completely naked too.

He dove back between my pussy lips, unimpeded now, and licked up and down, up and down, and then pushed two fingers inside of my tight cunt. I loved the way it felt. He leaned back into me and licked my clit in little circles while his fingers explored my insides.

I felt close to coming, felt my senses drop away. I began moaning louder, and Chris pushed the pillow back into my face, reminding me without words to keep it down. My dad and his two other friends were only yards away, out on the deck.

And then, just as I started to fall, just as I felt the orgasm begin to explode over my body, Chris pulled out and instantly replaced his fingers and tongue with his rock-hard cock. He slid right in without resistance, and I felt myself clench around him, my pussy grabbing on tight to his cock and then letting go as the orgasm pulsed through me. Grabbing tight, letting go, grabbing tight.

I kept the pillow against my face and moaned, and Chris stayed deep inside of me until the waves died down.

"Fuck," I gasped when I was finally able to speak again. "That felt so good. The way you penetrated me right as I started to come...oh my god. It made it so much more intense."

He smiled at me with a look that said, "I know," and I was reminded of how much more experienced he was than I.

Once I'd regained my composure, Chris began to move inside of me. His cock was huge, just like his three friends, and I wondered how it was possible that these three men were all so enormous. Did they know? Or was it just random chance?

Chris's cock split me wide open, and I loved it. I felt so stretched out around him, so tight. It felt like his cock filled up my whole body. He thrust faster, every inch of him buried deep inside of me one moment and then pulling almost all the way out the next. I looked down and watched his cock disappear between my legs, wishing I could see it from his angle.

I stared up at him. My dad's best friend. I couldn't believe I was fucking the third of them, that of the three men I'd now had sex with, it was all three of daddy's friends. But I just couldn't help it. I found them so sexy — and based on their reactions to me, clearly they thought the same.

After a few minutes, Chris pulled out of me and eased down beside me on the bed. "Get on top of me," he said, and I sat up. His cock was sticking straight up in the air, thick and long, and I couldn't help but take it into my mouth for a moment between positions, tasting myself on him and feeling how huge he was inside my mouth. I rolled my tongue over and over the tip of his cock, and he groaned.

Then I sat down on top of him, facing him, and he reached up and played with my tits while I rolled my hips around on top of him. He pinched my nipples hard, and the sensation sent shockwaves throughout my body and down to my clit.

His cock was so big I could hardly believe it fit inside of me, but here we were. He seemed to feel the same, because

he whispered, "Amber, you're so tight."

"You're so big," I whispered back, and his cock pulsed inside my cunt. Clearly he liked being told he was big.

Chris began to thrust up into me from below, and I stayed still to allow him to take control. I felt stretched so wide it hardly seemed possible, his huge cock inside my tiny body, and with every thrust I felt almost at the verge of orgasm again.

He reached around me and slapped my ass a few times, then stopped thrusting and allowed me to ride him again. He kept slapping my ass as I rode him, first one side and then the other, and it only made me wetter. Then he grabbed my breasts again and squeezed and pinched, and I almost lost it.

I was so worked up it almost didn't seem possible, my senses slipping away, all except for my sense of touch, which was heightened to the point of being the only thing important to me. I was so close to the edge, so close to orgasm, yet I held on, refusing to come yet, knowing that the longer I let it build the better it would be when it finally happened.

Chris teased my body, slapping me all over and manhandling me, using me, and I could tell he was getting more comfortable with fucking me now. He'd been treating me as though I was delicate before, but he saw now that I could take it and was allowing himself to get rougher.

I moaned. "I like when you're rough," I whispered, encouraging him, and he held my body firmly in place at the hips and thrust up into me a few more times, hard, jackhammering me with his sturdy rod.

“Do you like being filled up?” he whispered back, and I nodded. “Are you on birth control?” he asked, and I had to admit that no, I wasn’t.

“But it feels so good,” I begged. “Please don’t stop.”

He looked at me skeptically, continuing to thrust into me. “You want my cum even though you’re not on birth control? Are you sure?”

“Yes,” I said. I knew it was wrong, but it just felt so good, and something about getting filled by him was so sexy, so enticing, that I simply couldn’t say no. I wanted every bit of him, and I wanted him deep inside of me, and I wanted him dripping out of my tight cunt while we ate our barbecue. Nothing less would satisfy me.

“Please,” I whispered. “Please fill me up. I need your cum.”

His body responded to my words, and I felt him get even harder, somehow, and then felt his balls tense up. He shoved himself deep inside of me and stayed there, and I could feel every movement inside his body in his stillness. The cum shot through his cock and he began throbbing. I could feel his cock inside of me, stretching me out wider still as the pulsing took over him, and it was too much for me. My pussy clenched and then I began coming too.

We were completely still on my bed, but his cock was pulsing and throbbing as it shot its cum deep inside my unprotected pussy, and my pussy was pulsing and throbbing right back as I took it, orgasming into his orgasm, sucking his cum even deeper into me still, loving the dirty

naughtiness of having no protection, no barrier between us, accepting him deep into me.

My whole body felt wracked by the orgasm, but my pussy was completely out of my control. I couldn't have stopped if my dad had walked in at that moment. My pussy felt glued to Chris's cock, fused together with him.

Finally, the cum stopped shooting out of him, and the pulsing slowed. My own pulsing slowed too, and a few moments later the world around us returned. We were here, in my childhood bedroom where I still lived, in my childhood bed, and I was fucking one of my dad's best friends, one of the only three men I'd ever truly been attracted to.

I was horny as fuck these past few months, and I had finally gotten to take all three of these men deep inside of my unprotected pussy. And it had felt so fucking good.

"Oh my god," I groaned, rolling off of Chris and already feeling his cum begin to seep out of my body.

"Fuuuuck," he moaned back, and I could tell he was still trying to regain control of himself. He had clearly lost himself in the pleasure too. "You're so fucking hot, Amber. But...we can't tell anyone." He was suddenly serious, and he sat up, squinting at me.

I could only laugh. "Of course not!" I said. "It's just as much in my best interest as yours to keep this a secret." I slapped him on the thigh. "Now let's go get those buns so we can finally eat."

Chris looked relieved — and he also looked like he'd completely forgotten about our bun mission. "Oh shit," he said.

“Don’t worry,” I assured him. “We’ll just say we had to go a couple of places because they were out. They won’t care. You know my dad.”

Chris smiled. “I sure do,” he said. “Glad he’s so laid back....But I know he wouldn’t be laid back about me fucking his daughter.”

“And that’s why he’s never going to find out,” I reminded him, hopping out of bed and pulling on clothes. “Come on, let’s get going.”

Chris jumped up too, and we snuck out of the house without anyone seeing us.

I could finally relax. I’d had all three of my dad’s best friends, and it had been amazing. I no longer had to wonder. I no longer had to just fantasize. I knew. Their cocks were incredible, and huge, and they knew how to fulfill me. I had masturbation material for ages from those three experiences alone.

As we drove toward the store, more of Chris’s cum seeped out of my pussy, and I smiled. We hadn’t gotten caught. And the risk had been totally worth it.

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This was the third and final part of the Unprotected With My Dad’s Best Friend series. If you haven’t read the beginning, download [part 1 here](#) and [part 2 here](#).

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The Boss's Slut, #1

(Reluctant, fertile/creampie, cheating wife, forbidden)

Being a secretary means servicing her boss's every need.

It's Carrie's first day on the job, and she's feeling **wet and horny in the sexy new garter belt** her husband bought her. But when her new boss, a tech billionaire named Matthew, walks in, she's shocked to see that **he's her ex-boyfriend** from college...the one she promised to share her first time with, until she cheated on him.

Carrie's not sure why Matt hired her, but she's been warned to play by the rules or risk losing her job. But when Matt catches a glimpse of Carrie's lacy undergarments, he decides to **punish her for her unprofessional attire**. Once upon a time, she held all the power in the relationship. But now, he's the one in control. And he'll control her body exactly as he desires until he **fills her up, unprotected**.

To keep reading The Boss's Slut, #1, [click here](#).

My Bareback Taboo Revenge, #1

(First time, older man younger woman, forbidden, fertile)

"I'd bet a hundred bucks you don't have a hymen," he muttered.

And then I thought of a way to get him dumped.

Mia's home from her first year of college, and is dismayed to find that there's a new **man of the house**. When he makes a disparaging comment about her **slutty clothing and the sex toy he found** on her bed, she's furious, and becomes determined to get rid of him — any way she can.

Even if it means sharing her **first time** with him, and letting him take her **hard and unprotected**. She'll get her revenge no matter what the cost.

To keep reading this 5,400-word short, [click here](#).

[Stretched Wide By My Husband's Clients, #1](#)

(Cuckold/hotwife, fertile, older man younger woman, CMNF)

A 5,700-word bareback sex story about a young wife's forbidden fantasy, and a cuckold husband getting what he most fears...and desires.

She offered to help her husband's business any way she could...but she never expected this.

When Alyssa's husband Brandon is made partner at his law firm, he's under pressure to bring in new clients. But when a **wealthy potential client** catches a glimpse of Alyssa's **sexy young curves**, he offers a deal: He'll sign with the firm...in exchange for some **alone time** with her.

Alyssa and the man meet in Brandon's office to negotiate while Brandon secretly hides in the closet to listen. But the client has more than negotiation in mind: He wants her right

then and there, **stripped naked**, lying on her husband's desk, and **begging** for him to take her **hard and unprotected**.

Alyssa knows Brandon must be exploding with jealousy — and also **rock-hard** at the idea of his wife **stretched open around another man**.

To keep reading Stretched Open By My Husband's Clients, #1, [click here](#).

Tied Down and Taken Hard, #1

(Bondage, fertile, cheating husband, forbidden, CMNF)

She needs to be used.

May's husband never knew how to **play rough** with her, so she left him to find someone who will. Turns out, that person may be closer than she thinks....

She moves in with Amy, the one person who looks just like her but couldn't be more different. But Amy's husband is not too happy about having his home office used as May's sleeping quarters.

May is distracting, and she can't even pay rent. So he offers a deal: He'll force her to be quiet and still by **tying her up** to the bed, **spread open and naked with a gag in her mouth**, and **dominate her** however he wants when he takes breaks from working. It seems like the perfect arrangement: May will get used hard like she's always wanted, and Joe will get to take a woman who looks like his wife in ways Amy would never allow — and then **fill her up unprotected**.

To keep reading Tied Down and Taken Hard, #1, [click here](#).

Pounded By My Boss, #1

(First time, fertile, forbidden, older man younger woman, clothed male naked female)

She's so horny...but he has all the power

When Nina finds out she's at risk of getting laid off from her first-ever job, she decides to do **whatever it takes** to persuade her much-older boss, Brian, to keep her. She'll work **extra hard** and stay at the office **extra late**. But once everyone else is gone, Nina discovers Brian's **dirty secret**...and things go further than she could ever have predicted.

Now Nina must make a choice. Is keeping her job worth letting her boss **pop her tight cherry, fill her up unprotected** on his desk, and then **lick her clean**?

To keep reading Pounded By My Boss, #1, [click here](#).

Passed Around the Office, #1

(First time, fertile, forbidden, cheating husband, older man younger woman)

Staci is **young, horny, and eager to please** in her first job out of college. But she finds it hard to stay professional around Don, her **sexy older boss** who always seems "excited" to see her, even though he's married.

But the more Staci tries not to think about Don **controlling her body**, the stronger her body's reactions to

him. She longs for him to **pop her open** for the very first time, **slide inside of her**, and **fill her up**. She's a smart, strong, professional woman who knows better than to sleep with her boss...so why is she dying to be **dominated and used**?

To keep reading Passed Around The Office, #1, [click here](#).

Frat Party Entrance Fee

(Rough MMF threesome with a reluctant housewife - Cheating Wife Stories, book 1)

Her husband will never find out....

When Ashley's husband goes out of town for work, she finds herself daydreaming about the life she might have had — if she hadn't gotten married so young. The horny 19-year-old wanders around a college campus and into a frat party, where she pretends to be just another student. Hiding her purse, she heads outside to refill her beer from the keg ... and the night takes an unexpected turn.

Two guys from the frat are guarding the door and refuse to let Ashley back in, even to get her purse. There's only one way she can get back into this party, and she's not going to like it ... or will she?

This 5,900-word erotic short story features a reluctant housewife whose limits are pushed further and further as she's dominated by two alpha males.

To keep reading Frat Party Entrance Fee, [click here](#).

Filling Up The Babysitter, #1

(First time, taboo, pregnancy, forbidden, cheating)

In part 1 of the Filling Up The Babysitter series, **horny soon-to-be college student** Alicia feels like her life is finally starting — she recently got her first boyfriend, had her first kiss, and is exploring some light groping. But she wants so much more. When she gets a job babysitting for her **sexy next-door neighbor**, Peter, she can't stop fantasizing about what it would be like for him to **take her hard and fill her up**.

Then one day she discovers an **illicit video of Peter and his wife**. She knows she shouldn't watch it...but she can't tear her eyes away. Turns out, **she's watching her neighbor impregnate his wife** — and when he walks in on her pleasuring herself to the video while his wife is upstairs, she never could've expected that her own first time would turn out to be so naughty — and so **unprotected**.

To keep reading this dirty 11,400-word story, Filling Up The Babysitter, #1, [click here](#).

Sacked by the Quarterback

(Bride, first time, fertile, cheating, forbidden - Cuckolded by the Football Team, #1)

She's wet and throbbing...for the wrong man.

Professional cheerleader Holly Masterton has been **saving herself for marriage**, and the big day is finally here. But instead of lusting after her fiancé, she's been

fantasizing about being a total slut to his younger brother, bad boy Chase Kilroy, her team's star quarterback.

When Holly slips away in her wedding dress before the ceremony to meet Chase and the rest of the football team, she doesn't expect to end up with her legs in the air and Chase **pounding her hard and unprotected** with the dress still on. But there's a first time for everything...and Holly's first time **feels too good to let Chase pull out**.

To keep reading this dirty 6,500-word story, [click here](#).